



CHRISTMAS is coming, my beloved ! and your Jack wishes every one of you all the brightness, goodness, and happiness that the Beautiful Day can give you.

And now will those of you who can in reality help to make Christmas wreaths, and those who can do so only in imagination, unite in singing this pretty ante-Christmas chorus, sent you by Mistress Caroline Evans :

Holly red and mistletoe,  
Waving Prince's Feather,  
Twine we in our Christmas wreaths,  
Joys and greens together.  
Holly hides a happy wish  
'Neath each scarlet berry,  
Prince's Feather nods to say :  
" Let us all be merry ! "  
While upon the mistletoe  
Kisses sweet are growing  
That may bloom on Christmas day,  
In a goodly showing.

Thus, good friends, we weave for you  
Garlands of gay greeting ;  
With each one may blessing bright  
Crown a Christmas meeting.

#### PRINCE'S FEATHER.

SOME of you, my young folk, halted a little, I observed, at the use of " Prince's Feather " in the Christmas wreath. That is well. Never rush headlong into what you do not quite understand. But after you have heard the Little Schoolma'am's explanation, you will raise your voices cheerily with the rest whenever this little chorus is proposed.

That dear little woman tells me that this particular Prince's Feather refers not to the crimson flower of that name belonging to the Amaranth family, but to a species of ground pine, used for Christmas wreaths and decorations, and commonly called, in the country, " Prince's Feather." It does not grow very high, and the stalk is pliable and it has small graceful branches of feathery green, like a miniature tree.

#### RED AND WHITE CLOVER.

IT is delightful to see how much interest many of you young hearers have taken in the difference between red and white clover, since your attention was called to the matter. Last month I was glad to thank hosts of bright young investigators ; but letters still are coming, and right in the face of approaching winter, too. Here is a careful account from an honest young fellow living at Rye, in New York State :

DEAR JACK : There is a great deal more difference between white and red clover than that one is white and the other is red.

Some of the differences are these, which I give partly from my own observation, and partly from " Wood's Class Book of Botany."

First, the stem. That of the white clover is creeping, spreading, smooth, and rooting at the joints. The stem of the red clover is ascending and hairy.

Second, the leaflets. Those of the white clover are rarely more than three-quarters of an inch long, and are denticulate and slightly obcordate. In the red clover they grow to one and a half inches in length, and are entire, ovate, and higher colored in the center.

Third, the inflorescence. The flowers of the white clover are in heads, on very long, axillary peduncles, while the red clover heads are sessile, and often more than twice the size of those of the white clover.

Yours truly, A YOUNG BOTANIST.

By the way, for the benefit of those among you who do not speak Botanese, I may as well hand over these translations that the dear Little Schoolma'am has just given me :

denticulate — finely toothed or notched ; obcordate — heart-shaped, with the point toward the stem ; entire — without division ; ovate — egg-shaped ; inflorescence — arrangement of flowers ; axillary — growing from the angle between leaf and branch ; peduncles — flower-stalks ; sessile — attached directly without a stalk.

#### GROWING AFTER A LONG SLEEP.

LONDON.

DEAR MR. JACK : Papa read to us one evening out of the London *Garden* an account of some mummy peas hundreds and hundreds of years old. My brothers and myself were so deeply interested in it that I am going to copy it out for you and your " chicks." I hope you will surely show it to all the English and American children, dear Mr. Jack. This is it :

" Perhaps it may interest your readers to know that many years ago some peas that fell out of the wrapping of a mummy that was being unrolled were given to my brother-in-law. They were planted at once, and most of them germinated. I saw them when in blossom, and a nice little row they were, about two yards long, and the seed ripened well. There could be no question as to their being foreigners ; the foliage seemed more succulent and

was larger than the English garden pea. The form of the flowers also was different. Instead of the standard being upright it fell forward, surrounding the keel, and giving the appearance of a bell-shaped blossom — doubtless a provision against the scorching sun of Egypt during the infancy of the delicate seed-vessel. We found the peas excellent for the table; in size they were rather larger than the marrow pea. After a year or two in Hampshire they got mildewed, and were lost. I brought a handful into Devonshire, and we grew them for some little time; and one of the Exeter nurserymen had them and sent them out as 'mummy peas'; but they always seemed liable to get mildewed, possibly from debility in consequence of their prolonged sleep."

I have heard about planting mummy wheat, centuries after the grain had been placed in the burial case holding some distinguished Egyptian, and of the wheat growing finely after its long rest; but mummy peas are different.

Now, don't you think this account is very interesting, dear Mr. Jack? Your little friend, AMY G—.

#### THE TELEGRAPH-POLE AS A STOREHOUSE.

DEAR JACK: While walking through the Museum of Natural History at Central Park, recently, I saw in one of the glass cases part of a cedar telegraph-pole, thickly perforated with holes. On inquiry, I learned that these holes had been dug in the pole by the California woodpecker, for the purpose of storing acorns for its winter food. Some of the acorns may still be seen in the pole, although most of them had been extracted before it was cut down.

It has long been known that these busy workers store acorns in the bark of standing trees, but choosing a telegraph-pole for this purpose is an entirely new selection; and while perhaps the feathered gentry find it a very convenient storehouse, their method of taking possession is decidedly damaging to the telegraph-pole.

There is a cousin of this same bird in Mexico, who has discovered that the stalk of the aloe makes a much better storehouse than trees or telegraph poles, besides saving him a great deal of labor. The aloe, after flowering, dies, but the hollow stalk remains standing. The flinty texture of the stalk is easily pierced through to the central cavity by the woodpecker, who then thrusts in an acorn, then another, and another, until the hollow space is filled to the level of the hole. He next makes a second opening higher up, and thrusts in more acorns until the level of that hole is reached. So he proceeds all the way up the stalk, until it is com-

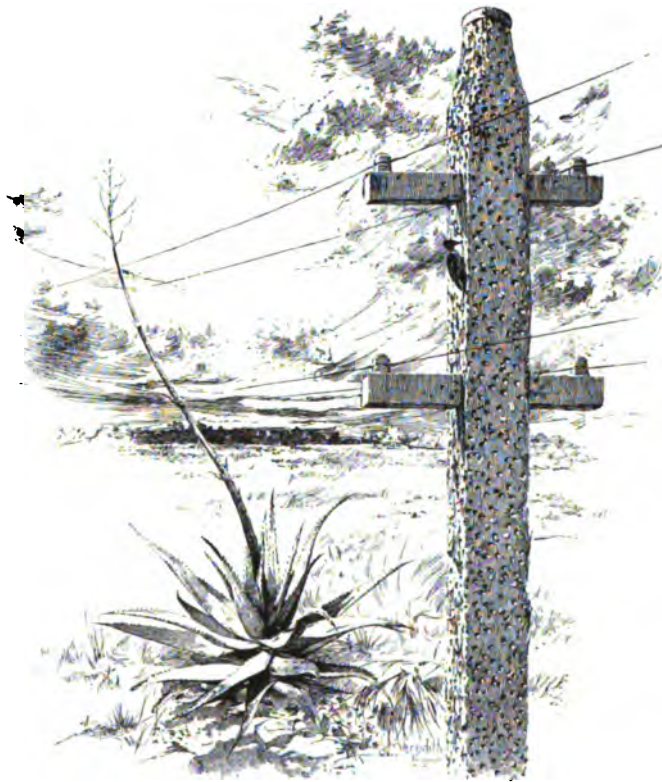
pletely filled with acorns. Often aloe stalks thirty miles distant from the nearest oak tree have been found stored in this way.

All this good work is turned to use in times of famine, when not only the woodpeckers, but other birds, and even animals, live on this preserved food.

Before I finish I must tell you of a little practical joke which the woodpecker occasionally indulges in. Instead of inserting an acorn in the tree selected he simply puts in a small stone; the wood grows over this in time, and when the tree is finally taken to the mill the stones play sad havoc with the saws.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

Very much obliged to you, brother Nugent, and the young folk also wish me to thank you. But some of my birds insinuate that the woodpecker



A TELEGRAPH-POLE PIERCED BY WOODPECKERS AS A STOREHOUSE FOR ACORNS.

prizes the meat of the stored acorn not so much for its own sake as for the plump little maggots that grow and thrive therein. Am I misled, or may I look kindly upon these insinuations?

A query: What plant is this, my chicks, growing beside this slightly damaged, but very interesting telegraph-pole?

## THE LETTER-BOX.



MARE ISLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from Mare Island, I thought I would write and tell you all about it. Of course you know it is a navy-yard. Papa is a civil-engineer, and has built the stone dock, which is the largest in the world.

We have a little donkey and cart, and we have lots of fun with him. We have lived here eight years, so, of course, we know all about the yard.

I am twelve years old, and I have a brother, and he was sixteen yesterday; he is very large for his age, but I am small.

We have two horses and seven cows, and a lovely dog named "Countess." My brother Stanton is a beautiful rider, and I can ride right well. Our horses' names are "James" and "Toby."

From your little friend, CORA W—.

MANUIA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Hawaiian girl, and for a few years have been one of your little readers. Our aunt in New York sends you to us every month; and as it is now our vacation, and I have not very much of anything to do, I thought I would write you a few lines, to tell you how very much we enjoy reading you (I and my little brother, and sometimes my *big brother*, too, and my mamma!). Perhaps you would like to know how we are passing our vacation. Well, we are out at "*Manuia-by-the-Sea*" (that is the name of my big brother's cottage, on the sea beach), and we go out sea-bathing every day when it is high tide, and when it is low tide we amuse ourselves by running on the sand, picking up shells and *limu*, or sea-weeds. In the even-

ing we sit on the *Lanai*, enjoying the beautiful moonlight, and listening to the music of the waves till bedtime, which, I am sorry to say, is now, so I cannot write any more this time, but will say good-night.

Your little friend,  
LOLA K—

MANUIA, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am another little Hawaiian girl, born in Honolulu on the island of Oahu. I am twelve years old.

As I saw my cousin writing to you, I thought I would write also. It is also my vacation, though we each attend a different school, and I am spending a few days out here with her. The first evening I spent here we went out on the beach to catch little crabs which we call *ohiki*. I suppose you know everything about the Sandwich Islands, so I have no need to tell you about them. We are having a very nice time. We used to be very much interested in "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*," and now "*Lady Jane*" has taken its place, and we pass some of our time in reading it; we like it very much indeed. We have delightful sea-bathing here, and it is perfectly lovely by moonlight. We expect to have a crabbing party to-night, and I think we will have lots of fun.

Your little Hawaiian friend,  
CARRIE N—.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your paper for two years, and like it very much. My home is on Mission Ridge, near General Bragg's headquarters. It is a beautiful place to live in; there are not many houses on the

Ridge, but there is a very pretty village at the foot called Ridgetale, where we get our mail. The great battle of Missionary Ridge was fought where our house stands. Three miles south lies the battle-field of Chickamauga, which was one of the greatest battles of the war. On a clear day we can see over a hundred miles. We can see the Smoky Mountains, in North Carolina, over beautiful ridges. On the north and west you can look over Chattanooga and the Tennessee River, and beyond Walden's Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

CHARLIE A. G.—

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Trenton, and my aunt sends you to me, and I enjoy you very much.

I have a little brother who is very fond of your nonsense rhymes, but he thinks you ought to come oftener than once a month, for he is very impatient, and to quiet him I often make up little rhymes myself. The last one I made up he thought so very funny that I said I would send it to you, and I would like very much to see it in your Letter-Box. Now I must say good-bye.

Your loving friend and reader, KATE W. T.—

#### THE FEAST OF THE CAT.

A LARGE black cat and a small gray rat,  
In peace lived together in a fine tall flat,  
Both sharing the same nice, large, soft mat.

Said the cat to the rat,  
"Let 's seek our friend Pat,  
And after a chat  
We 'll ask him to catch us a nice big bat."

Said the small gray rat,  
"I agree to that;  
We 'll then take supper on our large soft mat."  
So together they went and sought Mr. Pat,  
Who agreed at once to catch them a bat,  
So they might have for supper, both lean and fat,  
And eat it with joy on the large soft mat.  
They ate and they ate till no mite of the bat  
Was left on the plate, not even the fat.

Said Mr. Rat to his friend Mr. Cat,  
"I have had quite enough and will now take my hat."  
"Wait! wait!" said the cat,  
"Till we have some more chat.  
Suppose I eat you, as you ate the bat?"  
"Oh, no!" said the rat, "you would not do that."  
But "T is done!" said the cat,

And he sat all alone on the large soft mat.

G. B. B. and C. P. H.— We thank you for your letter in regard to the story, "My Triple Play," and must admit the justice of some of your criticisms. The chief fault, however, is with the picture, which places both the runner and the second-base man entirely too near second base. The second-base man was probably much farther away than he appears to be in the picture, and with this change in his position you will see that the play as described is quite possible.

SITKA, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the capital of this territory, and a funny little place it is. There is only one road, and that is only one mile long. There are but two horses and a few mules, and these have been here but a short time. They run loose over the parade ground.

There are about twelve hundred Indians and four hundred whites, including the Russians. We have about every nation represented here: Poles, Russians, Span-

iards, Italians, Germans, French, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegians, English, Negroes, Indians, and Americans.

We had about two or three thousand tourist visitors here during the summer, having a boat each week. But now the tourist season is over, and we shall have but two steamers a month.

So you may imagine how eagerly I look for you each month. My favorite stories are "Crowded out o' Crofield," "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," and "The Great Storm at Samoa." With three cheers for ST. NICHOLAS,

I am, your faithful reader,

EDWIN K.—

ERIE, PENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have never seen a letter from Erie published in your Letter-Box, and we hope you will put this one in your paper. We love your paper very dearly, and we have it read to us when it comes every month.

We are two little friends, and we are in the Hamot Hospital. Our names are Fred and Helen, and our nurse is writing this for us. Fred was run over by the electric-car and was terribly injured, and Helen is just getting over a serious illness. Our beds are next each other, and we can talk to each other about your lovely magazine.

Yesterday we had ice-cream for dinner, and we liked it. We never had it before.

Please put this letter in your paper right away, so that we can see it together before we leave the hospital. We are tired now. Good-bye.

Your little friends, HELEN.  
FRED.

GRANADA, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and sister Maude is eleven years old. Our mamma is a Little Schoolma'am, and I go to school to her. One day, at recess, I asked her to tell me something to write on the board, and she told me these stanzas, and I will send them to you, as I think the other children in the "line" will be pleased to read them.

Yours truly, ANNIE B.—

#### SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER is a pleasant month,  
The air is soft and cool!  
Then all the children in the land  
Are sent to public school.

Wise and simple, great and small,  
We make an army grand!  
If all were standing in a line  
We 'd reach across the land!

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandma in New Orleans sent the ST. NICHOLAS to me.

I used to live in New Orleans. It is such a dear, delightful old place, and I think the Mardi Gras is so beautiful; I have seen it so many times. That's why I am so interested in "Lady Jane"; it tells of so many places and things that are familiar to me. In the summer I went to the country to visit. I had a delightful time, and my auntie gave me ST. NICHOLAS for 1882; they seemed so queer and old-fashioned compared with the ones we have now.

One day this summer I had a doll's wedding. The bride had a bridal dress on, and the groom was in evening dress. I had bridesmaids and groomsmen, and

some little girls brought their dolls. They were all paper dolls. But just as we were going to perform the ceremony, the groom fell in the washbowl, so we put him out in the sun to dry, but he just curled up in a little ball, and we could not have the wedding at all. I think that was too bad.

Your loving friend, DAISY L.—.

Here is a harrowing little tale that comes to us all the way from California :

LOST BESSIE.

BY M. MCP—.

(A Young Contributor.)

ONCE there was a little girl named Bessie Stewart who wanted to go for a walk in the woods; but her mother did not like to have her little girl go to the woods as there were bears and wolves. But she told her mother she would not go far, so her mother told her to go and be back in time for supper. Then she told her mother good-bye and was gone. She was gone an hour and her mother was getting anxious about her, when she heard the tea-bell ring. She went in and ate supper and Bessie had not come yet. She waited and watched for her, but it was getting dark, and so she got one of her servants and her husband to go and hunt for Bessie. When they got in the woods they heard a dog bark, and just then they saw the large Newfoundland dog that had gone with Bessie jump out of a thicket in the woods, but Bessie was not with him. Her father went home and got some of his neighbors to help him search. They went all through the woods, but the hunt was in vain.

Four years after, Mr. Stewart was walking along the streets, and met a gentleman friend whom he had not seen for years; this friend asked how Bessie was, and he said, "Poor Bessie was lost in the woods four years ago."

On the other side of the street sat a little girl crying for her mamma. When she heard her name spoken, she jumped up to see who it was, and when she saw it was her father she ran and caught hold of his hand and said, "Papa, don't you know me?" And when he saw it was his little girl, he took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. You do not know how surprised her mother was to see her long-lost Bessie.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Bertha S. G., Tom C., Frank W. K., D. Newhall, W. H. D., Goldy, Marie and Vesta, Dorothy L. G., Ethel P., Hallie S. H., Virginia D., Florette M. R., Margaret and Eduard B., Ethel C., Carl C. M., Edith F. C., Daisy S., Idella B., Sue W. F., Lucile E. T., Marion H. B., Pearl McD., Dan McG., Emma H., S. C., Mabel G., Hattie and Carrie, Nina and Florence, Phoebe A. O., Mabel J., S. Whateley J., Agnes R., Phyllis S. C., Jessie E. G., F. S. B.

#### PABLO-BY-THE-SEA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I live at Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter, and at Pablo-by-the-Sea in the summer. We have a cow and a calf, and a pair of ponies, and two dogs, and a little kitten. Pablo had the handsomest hotel on the Atlantic coast, and last week it burned down. It was named Murray Hall, and it cost over \$200,000. I have three sisters and one brother. We have taken you for several years and like you very much. Your interested reader,

WILLIE R. MCQ—.

#### THE LITTLE VISITOR.

BY K. S.

(A Young Contributor.)

THE roads outside were muddy,  
And the pupils in school with cheeks so ruddy,  
Were buried deep in study.

When from the eastern side,  
Through the window open wide,  
Came a little sparrow.

He flew along the wall,  
Right in the sight of all,  
And then he stopped.

He saw the window bright,  
And he thought it was all right,  
And so in he flew.

And he flew and hit his head,  
And we thought the bird was dead!  
But no—he was n't.

At last out he went,  
As if on an errand bent,  
And we never saw him more.

#### EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE Editor wishes it to be understood that "The Land of Pluck" in the present issue of ST. NICHOLAS, and a second paper, soon to follow, dealing with the historical side of the same subject, are in the main reprinted—but with entirely new illustrations, and sundry revisions and additions—from *The Riverside Magazine* (of April and May, 1867), edited by Horace E. Scudder and published by Hurd and Houghton. The author

would have been quite content to leave the two articles identified solely with the beautiful periodical in which they first saw the light but for many recent requests for "something more about Holland, by the author of Hans Brinker," and the repeated suggestion, from literary friends, that she should give "The Land of Pluck" directly to the new generation of young folk now reading ST. NICHOLAS.



# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Haven. 2. Homes. 3. Night. 4. Troop. 5. Opera. — CHARADE. Monkshood.  
DIAMONDS. Homestead greetings. 1. I. H. 2. Bon. 3. Comet. 4. Boneset. 5. Homestead. 6. Nesting. 7. Teens. 8. Tag. 9. D. 11. 1. G. 2. Arm. 3. Glean. 4. Algeria. 5. Greetings. 6. Mariana. 7. Ninny. 8. Aga. 9. S.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 13, bargain; 2 to 14, emulate; 3 to 15, andante; 4 to 16, mandate.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. GraChi. 2. Wallace. 3. CathErine. 4. ZenObia. 5. JosePhine. 6. SalAdin. 7. Marie AnToinette. 8. ChaRles. 9. VespAsian.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Sparta, oligarchy, Spartans, perioeci, helots, Lycurgus, Athens, Solon. Cross-words: 1. Handcuffs. 2. Pentagons. 5. Caryatid. 4. Crab-apple. 5. Tricycles. 6. Standards. 7. Gondolier. 8. Hollyhock. 9. Colosseum.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—E. M. G.—Paul Reese—Emmy, Jamie and Mamma—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—Pearl F. Stevens—Sallie W., Astley P. C., and Anna W. Ashhurst—Nellie L. Howes—Gertrude L.—Helen C. McCleary—Blanche and Fred—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—Benedick and Beatrice—Uncle Mung—Jo and I—"The Nick McNick"—A Family Affair—Edith Sewall—Adele Walton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Elaine Shirley, 2—Bertha F. E., 3—Anna K. Verdery, 1—Grace and Mamma, 2—M. Ella Gordon, 1—J. McClees, 1—"Queen Bess," 1—Florence and Mina, 1—Grace and Isabel Livingston, 6—Lucia A. R., 2—Katie Van Zandt, 5—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 7—Louise Fast, 2—Arthur and Harry, 1—"Annie R.," Germantown, 2—P. R. W., 3—Clara Dooley, 2—Lottie and Mamma, 2—Josie Brooks, 1—"Harriette," 1—F. Hilton, 1—Raymond, 1—A. Steiner, 2—Belle and Griswold, 1—Tom Rue, 2—"Papa and Lill," 1—"Vags and Stags," 1—M. J. Stoll, 1—"Pixy and Nixy," 2—Effie K. Talboys, 7—C. S. H. and H. H. H., 2—C. Bell, 1—Mary and Maud, 2—E. P. and Company, 2—Lillie M. Anthony, 3—Margaret Dabney, 1—Susie T. S., 1—A. M. D. and Jean B. G., 8—A. M. Cooch, 6—Will and Rex, 6—Clara and Emma, 2—Helen L. Webb and Mabel H. Perkins, 4—Edith G., 1—C. L. Hamilton, Jr., 1—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 8—E. P. R. and E. W., 6—"Infantry," 10—"Mrs. Jim," 3—Edith W. A., 4—"Squire," 9—Evie B., 2—Robert A. Stewart, 8—Sissie Hunter, 2—Dora N. Bertie, 3—H. M. C. and Co., 4—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 8—No name, Trenton, 1—Hilda Gerhard, 10—Annie, Jim, and Helen, 2—Estelle Ions, 3—Lil and Del, 3—Jennie S. Liebmann, 9—Honora Swartz, 2—Paul L. S., 1—Carleton, 9—"The Bess," 2—H. P. H. S., 6—"Charles Beaufort," 8—"May and 79," 10—Hubert L. Bingay, 9—Ida C. Thallon, 10—Perry Talcott Risley, 8—A. Humphreys and M. Partridge, 1—Arthur G. Lewis, 8—Amy and Maida Y., 1—Josephine Sherwood, 9—"Swampscott," 3—"Mamma and Me," 1—"Waccabuc," 3—"We, Us, and Co.," 7—Edith and Emily, 3—"Paganini and Liszt," 7—Camp, 9—Harry L. and Nellie B., 1—Charles L. and Reia Sharp, 3—Nellie and Reggie, 9—Harriet D. Fellows, 3—Lulu Laurent, 10—Mere Magor, 3—Elsie, 8—"Wallingford," 8—E. G. Pelton, 1—"Dame Durden, 10—Bessie McCracken, 2—Alice Blanke and Edna Le Massina, 6.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. 1. Sublime, limb, usc. 2. Alarum, Ural, ma. 3. Metrical, tire, calm. 4. Feathers, hate, serf. 5. Especial, epic, seal. 6. Patterns, rent, past. First row, Luther; third row, Martin.

Pt.

Has any one seen a lost summer,  
Strayed, stolen, or otherwise gone,  
First missed when the leaves of September,  
Turned, showed us a frost-graven dawn?  
And now she has hidden in frolic  
Beneath the low-lying bright leaves.  
Has any one seen a lost summer  
Afield with the banded cornsheaves?

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Yapon. 2. Agave. 3. Pales. 4. Overt. 5. Nests. II. 1. Stupe. 2. Turin. 3. Urged. 4. Piece. 5. Ended. III. 1. Cares. 2. Alive. 3. Ripen. 4. Evens. 5. Sense.



## WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A theatrical representation. 2. Attired. 3. To stay or continue in a place. 4. An honorable decoration. 5. A feminine name.

II. 1. A kind of rampart. 2. To get away from by artifice. 3. Confuses. 4. Completely versed or acquainted with. 5. Snug residences.

"CHARLES BEAUFORT."

## PI.

Dens het drudy ref-ghilt ghirhe;  
Wrad ruyo ayes haric pu hirneg;  
Gothhur het newrit, keabl dna clih,  
Ew'yam haev rou semrum lilt.  
Heer rea smope ew yma dear;  
Netlapsa nifesac ot rou dené;  
Ha, learnet resummit-emit  
Weldsl hiwtin het stope hermy.

## COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Neat. 2. One of the queens of England. 3. Cessation. Primals, a resinous substance; finals, to procure; primals and finals connected, a small shield; six middle letters, transposed, an offender.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A couple. 2. A river of Italy.

3. A float. Primals, state of equality; finals, to corrupt; primals and finals connected, a bird; six middle letters, transposed, the flour of any species of corn.

III. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Latin prefix. 2. To cauterize. 3. To accumulate. Primals, a serpent; finals, wrath; primals and finals connected, to soar; six middle letters, transposed, to limit in descent. DYCIE.

## WORD-BUILDING.

BEGIN with a single letter, and, by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word of each move.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. Wickedness. 4. Useful little instruments. 5. A bird highly prized for food. 6. Matures. 7. Pinchers. 8. A member of a royal family. ANNE AND MARGARET.

## SCOTTISH DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A group of islands near the western coast of Scotland. 2. An old Scottish palace associated with the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. 3. Wind-instruments, very popular in the highlands of Scotland. 4. The mountain home of Queen Victoria. 5. A daughter of James I. of Scotland. 6. The Christian name and surname of a great Scottish reformer. 7. A large district in the south of Scotland, famous for its cattle. 8. The title of a novel by Scott.

The diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name given in Scotland, to the last night of the year. DYCIE.

